

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 871.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1874.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 11.

The State of Music in France.*

MEMORIAL PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY BY THE SOCIETY OF COMPOSERS OF MUSIC, JUNE 22, 1874.

II. THE THÉÂTRE LYRIQUE.

After these general considerations, we take the liberty, Messieurs, of presenting to you some observations on the subject of the Théâtre Lyrique, and we will begin by expressing our gratitude to M. the Minister of Fine Arts for the proposition made by him, to the commission of the budget for 1875, to restore to this theatre the subvention of 100,000 francs, which it formerly received,—a proposition supported with a warm sympathy by M. the Count d'Osmoy, to whom we address our liveliest acknowledgements. We have therefore the hope of seeing the speedy restoration of a stage indispensable to Art and to French musicians.

By the lustre it has shed during twenty-five years, by the services it has rendered to dramatic music, it may be said that this theatre has become a sort of national institution. A new comer in the career, it has done more for the progress of Art and the glory of French artists, it has done more by itself alone, in this space of time, than its two elder sisters, the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique united. It is this that has played: the *Médecin malgré lui*, *Faust*, *Roméo et Juliette*, and *Mireille* of Gounod; the *Perle du Brésil* of Félicien David; *Gastibelza* and the *Dragons de Villars*, of Aimé Maillard; the *Trois*, of Berlioz; *Jaguarita*, of Halévy; *Si j'étais roi*, of Adam; *La Reine Topaze*, of Victor Massé; *La Statue*, of Ernest Reyer. It has produced on the stage all our young composers: M. M. Barthe, Bizet, Boisselot, Ernest Boulanger, Georges Bousquet, Caspers, Cherouvrier, Dautresme, Deffès, Léo Delibes, Devin-Duvivier, Eugène Gautier, Ernest Guiraud, Gastinel, Hignard, Joncières, Lacombe, Théodore de Lajarte, Ortolan, Prosper Pascal, Ferdinand Poise, Hector Salomon, Semet, Renaud de Vilbac, Vogel, Wekerlin, and many more besides. In the period of twenty years from 1852 to the date of its destruction, the Théâtre-Lyrique has given hospitality to seventy French composers, and has played not less than 408 new acts, which, allowing for the annual suspension of about two months, gives an average of two new acts per month.

These facts speak for themselves and suffice to demonstrate the incontestable utility of the subvention of the Théâtre-Lyrique. Of this no one has any doubt; but the important thing will be to examine into the best conditions of its future prosperity.

We think, if this theatre is to be replaced in the salle it formerly occupied at the Châtelet, the proposed subvention of 100,000 francs will be insufficient or will fall short of its end. Experience has proved that this quarter is very

unfavorable for a theatre of music. To attract the dilettante public to it, from so great a distance, the director-impresario would see himself obliged to return to vagaries which have justly been condemned; he would see himself obliged to mount at great expense, with an excessive luxury of *mise en scène*, the masterworks of the past or the operas which have acquired celebrity abroad. It would thus fail of its mission, of its reason for existence, in sacrificing the living French composers, and in giving them only *les lendemains de ses grands jours* (the "off-nights"?), with the most feeble artists of its troupe. If, on the contrary, it is to remain faithful to its own proper rôle; if, renouncing, as it ought to do, the representation of old works and translations, it shall apply itself solely to favoring the new composers, then what we shall have to fear will be, as we have said, that, in proportion to the remoteness of the theatre, the subvention will be insufficient to sustain it. (And the Memorial goes on to suggest a better place.)

III. ENCOURAGEMENTS TO CHORAL AND SYMPHONIC SOCIETIES.

Abandoning the question of the lyric theatres, we now ask your permission, Messieurs, to consider the situation outside of the theatre. We ought first to state that, up to our time, the encouragements accorded by the State had solely for their end to further the development of dramatic music. This state of things apparently is to be changed, and we are bound to show our gratitude for it. For some years past the Minister has fixed his attention on the composers who have devoted themselves to other branches of the art; and the Minister, in granting, by way of encouragement, indemnities to Symphony societies, societies for Chamber music, and religious music, Choral societies, &c., has opened the way into which we come to pray that you will enter. We should be happy to see you adopt completely, and in a fixed manner, this principle of indemnities hitherto accorded only accidentally. There is every reason to hope that the favorable moment has arrived; and the Government no doubt believes so, since it has been pleased, in what concerns this part of musical art, to give marks of its great good will.

For the rest, our artists have, for some years, furnished brilliant proofs of their activity and their intelligence. The French musicians have shown themselves capable of succeeding, not alone in opera, but also in the other kinds of music; new institutions have been founded, at Paris and elsewhere, to popularize, at their own risk and peril, the Symphony and the Oratorio; Chamber music makes itself heard everywhere; Choral Societies cover the surface of France, and through them instruction is propagated from day to day. In fine, by the union of these societies with the Symphonic societies, we descry, in the near future, the possibility of realizing those grand musical solemnities

which have long formed the glory of the countries in the north of Europe. Music, in a word, demands only that it may diffuse itself more and more widely. You, Messieurs, will be pleased to give it the means of producing itself in the order of ideas the most elevated.

To painters and sculptors the government has accorded rights, franchises, *expositions*, which insure their existence and the progress of their art. We come to ask it to accord the same rights, the same facilities to composers, who alone, to this time, have been deprived of them. We expect from its generous solicitude a vast hall, in which the *chefs-d'œuvre* of our great masters and the modern compositions may be heard with all the fitting splendor of execution. Painting, statuary have for shelter magnificent palaces, worthy of the marvels they enclose; we demand a hall for concerts worthy of Paris, worthy of France; such a hall that artists, who devote themselves to the execution of masterworks, shall no longer be obliged to take refuge in a riding school; such a hall, in short, as may be found in all the countries where there is a just concern for the dignity and splendor of the art of Music.

We wish that true Art, noble Art, the Art that consoles, that fortifies, may be able to struggle against this pretended Art which corrupts, and whose manifestations keep on multiplying day by day; this art which you yourselves, Messieurs, have so often and so justly scourged, which can only deprave and pervert the mind as well as the manners of the masses. Music, you know very well, has, like painting and sculpture, its *chefs-d'œuvre*, the knowledge of which is indispensable to progress, to the education and the moralization of the people, and which it is a matter of the highest interest to have produced and propagated. It is for the attainment of this end, that we come to ask of you also, in favor of symphonic and choral music, the creation of a fund of encouragement to the extent of 100,000 francs per annum.

Such, Messieurs, are the observations which we had to submit to you touching the general interests of music and musicians. These observations, presented by special men, deeply acquainted with the cause which they defend, have appeared to us to merit your attention. Convinced of your solicitude, of your spirit of justice, of your love for all that constitutes the Beautiful and, consequently, the Good, we await with confidence your sovereign decisions.

Please accept, Messrs. les Députés, the expression of our gratitude and our most respectful sentiments.

President of the Société des Compositeurs de Musique, for the year 1874, A. E. VAUCORBEIL.
Paris, 22 June, 1874.

The Memorial is further signed by four honorary presidents, members of the Institute: viz. Ambroise Thomas, Henri Reber, Félicien David, Victor Massé, and by about eighty of the most distinguished musical names in France.

* Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Richard Grant White on Franz Liszt and his Relations to the "Music of the Future."

(From the Galaxy for September.)

After speaking of the musical indebtedness of this country to Mr. Theodore Thomas, Mr. White proceeds as follows:

Our distinguished conductor has done so much for our delight and our benefit that he may be forgiven much; and somewhat we have to forgive him in that he has inflicted upon us from time to time the orchestral works of that dreariest of composers, Franz Liszt. If any musical dispensation could be more afflictive than a series of entire operas by Wagner, it would be the being obliged to sit under the stated delivery of a series of symphonies by Liszt. The compositions of this celebrated virtuoso remind us of some sermons that we all have heard, in which the doctrine was orthodox, the sentences well put together, the language pure, the illustrations scholarly, and the result barrenness and unutterable boredom—labored nothingness, and which for all their worth or interest, to gods, men, or devils, might just as well not have been. And then there was the reflection, unavoidable to the generous mind, that it would have been so easy not to write them. And so it is with Liszt's orchestral work; it would have been so much easier, as well as more humane, to let it alone.

The names of Liszt and Wagner have been for some years intimately associated. The men are often mentioned together, as if they belonged to one school. And so indeed they do—to the school which seeks to construct musical compositions upon theory and without musical ideas. The association of their names is honorable to Liszt; for it is the consequence of a spontaneous support which he has given to Wagner; and with all the Hungarian pianist's affectation and his "ceaseless hum, hum, hum, and endless bug, bug, bug," he has in this matter at least shown himself capable of taking a generous attitude towards a man whom he might have feared as a rival. Liszt's position is a very distinguished one. He has a court of obsequious admirers, largely composed of the softer sex, who in virtue of his playing, his affectation, and his "Florentine profile," have always been his worshippers. We have heard of him lately from one of these—how he enters the circle of the initiated, but is not spoken to until he speaks; how he must not be asked to play, and when he does vouchsafe to touch the key-board, how he must be allowed to leave it without a spoken word even of thanks or admiration; how he is, in fact, an awful musical fetish, not to be approached either with prayer or with praise. This is at least consistent. It is all of a piece with Liszt's behavior ever since he was coddled into fame upon the laps of countesses.

Franz Liszt is now sixty-three years old; he has been a musician from his earliest childhood; and yet for every musical deed of his not done upon the piano stool, he ought to sit upon the stool of repentance. He has probably covered more music paper with his writings than Mozart and Beethoven did together; and in all that time he has not produced one musical idea that is worth one of the buttons on one of his old velvet paletots, not one which has characterized enough, even in its badness, to be recognized as his. In this respect he is much inferior to Wagner, who has produced something good—in spite of his theory, not by reason of it. From his early boyhood he has inhaled the incense offered in Europe to a musical prodigy, and one whose person and whose manners made him acceptable in the highest and most cultivated society. But it was as a performer only that he was great. Even in the first flush of his dawning manhood he produced not one single melody that the world has thought worth remembering. But his command of the key-board and his conception of that kind of brilliant difficulty that good old Dr. Johnson wished were impossible, was not only prodigious,

it was monstrous. In his boyhood he found nothing in the sonatas of Beethoven or of Hummel beyond his reach, except perhaps their meaning; and happening to be in the shop of Hummel's publisher on the day when that composer's sonata in B minor was published, he astonished the musicians who were present by playing it perfectly at first sight. This was but one of the sensations that he was continually, and has been all his life continually making. His teacher, the great Czerny, refused payment for his instruction; the honor of having such a marvellous boy for his pupil was recompense enough. Thus all his life a certain number of distinguished people have fallen down and worshipped him—all but the love of music for music's sake. His soul must have been strangely impenetrable to musical influences of the higher order, even within the sphere of his own instrument, that he should study and play Hummel, and yet be able to write no real music for the pianoforte; only fireworks and mountainous difficulties. For of all composers that have written for the pianoforte, Hummel seemed to have been most possessed by the genius of that instrument. As Bach's ideas seem all to have been fitted for treatment in double counterpoint, so Hummel's seem to have been peculiarly suited to the pianoforte. Perhaps it is fancy, but Mozart impresses me as having always written with the voice in his mind, or at least the violin, the "butter-fiddle" of his boyhood; Beethoven always—even in his only opera, "Fidelio," and his great song, "Adelaide," no less than in his pianoforte sonatas, the first movement of the very "Moonlight Sonata" not excepted—to show that he conceived every thought as if it were to be executed by a grand orchestra, a band of angels and of archangels. But Hummel's ideas will come out well by percussion. The only other great and peculiar pianoforte composer, although in an entirely different style, is Chopin; I can hardly except Mendelssohn, and his gifted pupil, Sterndale Bennett. Liszt caught nothing of the true spirit of such music, and has attained only the production of stupendous fantasias, which seem as though they were written as exercises for Briarius's daughters. But the world will run after prodigies, and Liszt fooled his followers to the top of their bent. Since they were willing to worship, he graciously, but not too graciously, received their homage. To put a ridiculous couplet of Mrs. Browning's to some use, he

"—sat on a throne of purple sublimity,
And ground down men's bones to a pale unanimity."

He had a way of entering a *salon*, calmly drawing off his gloves and tossing them to a lackey, sitting down on the piano stool, running his hands through his fair hair, and looking up at the ceiling before he proceeded to pulverize his instrument, and his hearers, which was thought very grand—almost godlike. It was the same man, in his semi-gay youth, who now, in his demi-religious age, must not be asked or thanked for his musical boons. It was the sublimity of impudence; and in that same sublimity he used to alter the works of Weber, of Hummel, and even of Beethoven, when he played them in public, to the delight of the gaping stupidity around him. He has had the grace to confess this in words which should make the ears of all such cattle tingle. "I confess to my shame," he says, "that to catch the bravos of a public always slow to apprehend beauty in its august simplicity, I made no scruple to alter the movement and the intentions of the composer. I went so far as even insolently to add a mass of conceits and *points d'orgue*, which, in bringing me ignorant applause, inevitably led me into evil ways, from which happily I soon disengaged myself." This reminds us of Wagner's similar presumption in regard to Gluck's "Alceste." I will add, too, that it reminds me of the manner in which some severe strictures of my own upon like interpolations by eminent virtuosos many years ago were received. They were treated by some, whose highest notions of music are

limited to such exhibitions, as if they were written by an ignorant Goth. Now a Goth I was and am; but ignorant I was not, and never less so than in the condemnation of all such impudent foolery. The enormous cadenzas and *points d'orgue* which are so commonly introduced by violinists and pianists, are rarely more than elaborate impertinence; and any intentional deviation from the actual text of a composer ought to be received with hisses rather than applause. In the height of his early popularity Liszt wrote an opera, "Don Sancho," but as he could not play it upon the pianoforte, it fell dead, and was immediately buried in oblivion. He has more recently written a mass, perhaps for the repose of "Don Sancho," although the interval was long; but even religious patience could not endure its harsh and barren crudity, and it received extreme unction on the day of its birth. His symphonies, or symphonic compositions, we have, in penance for our sins, been obliged to sit through again and again; but they are past salvation, even by a great orchestra and a great conductor. True, they are full of technical excellence; but of what other worth is technical excellence in any art than as the mere vehicle of ideas which in themselves are beautiful? and the more Liszt writes and the harder he works, the more does the stony sterility of his mind become apparent. He spends the first part of a movement in announcing that something is coming that never comes, and the last in subsiding from a climax that he has never reached. Sometimes he hammers out what he plainly means for a leading motive. But what is it? A succession of sounds deliberately put together by the rule of three, and which has no more melodic form or musical charm, or significance, than there are in an equal number of blows upon a kettledrum. But the modulations! Yes, indeed there be modulations, and enough; they stretch all through the movement, which is as long as eternity and as tedious as eternity passed in the wrong place. Modulation is a good thing; but there are modulations and modulations. Let them be as ingenious as they may, modulations are worth nothing unless they mean something. There are the modulations in the *andante* of the C minor, the enharmonic modulation, and the succeeding chromatic modulations into the original key. They are masterly; and by the first the composer got his trumpets into C natural—a more important point when he wrote than it is now. But what is it to us whether the passage is in C natural or X flat, and whether we go there enharmonically or otherwise? That is a matter of mere musical grammar. What do we care in what key the trumpets stand? That is a mere technical point of instrumentation. What we are concerned with is the beauty that is thus revealed to us. When with that enharmonic change the orchestra bursts upon the dominant of the coming key, the firmament opens above us, and our souls then mount on the notes of those trumpets into the seventh heaven; and on the after modulation into A flat we float deliciously down from that empyrean. But Liszt's modulations are mere modulations. We care nothing about them as modulations, but they are welcome if they will only lead us from where we are; and when they have done so we find that our last state is worse than our first. Instead of soaring or gently floating into realms of beauty, we are only toted from hardscrabble to hardscrabble.

[To be continued.]

The Masses of Franz Schubert.*

By JOSEPH BENNETT.

(Concluded from page 286.)

We are bound, perhaps, to accept the story of the Mass in F as told by Von Hellborn, but internal evidence points so clearly in another direction that we confess ourselves perplexed. Strange indeed

*Masses in vocal score; composed by Franz Schubert. The Piano-forte Accompaniment arranged from the full score by Berthold Tours. No. 1 in F. No. 2 in G, No. 3 in B flat; No. 4 in C, No. 6 in E flat. London: Novello, Ewer and Co.

was it, and altogether at variance with the rules that governed Schubert's career, for him to begin in the noble and dignified religious school of Beethoven, passing over to that of Haydn and Mozart, and ending where he commenced. If he did this, we have before us a most eccentric freak of genius, wholly inexplicable by any theory of causation that mind can conceive.

Taking the five Masses without reference to numerical order—as should be done whenever they are subjected to comparative criticism—they arrange themselves in two groups, made up respectively of Nos. 2, 3, and 4, and Nos. 1, and 6. We must not be supposed to suggest by this division that the members of the first group show a family likeness equal in degree to that which undoubtedly exists between those of the second. The arrangement, however, is not wholly arbitrary, because, though the Mass in G (No. 2) is a better work, and more distinctive of the master, than its companions, all three are nearly allied in dimensions and in character, while they are not far from equal in their value relative to those in F and E flat. According to the authority so often named above, these Masses followed each other very closely, the "G" and "B-flat" bearing date 1815, the "C" 1816. They may be accepted, therefore, as the outcome of one phase, and no more, in the composer's career; and as they were produced under like conditions in each case, they undoubtedly reflect the influences then governing Schubert's mind. Again, curiously enough, the earliest work is the most independent, the second and third being, by comparison, no better than imitations. A good deal of nonsense has been written about the Mass in G, and in particular does poor Kreissle von Hellborn tumble over it to his extreme damage. Thus, he styles the work "the noblest of Schubert's known Masses," a statement which, in view of Nos. 1 and 6, is simply absurd. But the unfortunate Doctor goes on to demonstrate that he has very little acquaintance indeed with his subject—speaking of a "joyful 'Dona nobis,'" which, as a separate movement, does not exist, and of a "concluding Kyrie" nobody else has yet been able to discover. The truth is, that the Mass in G can only rank foremost in the second class of Schubert's important works. Written for a small orchestra—two trumpets, drums, and organ, in addition to a string quartet—and numbering altogether but 508 bars, its pretensions by no means justify Von Hellborn's enthusiasm. Both the ideas in the work and their treatment are, however, often striking and beautiful. The simplicity and devotional expression of the "Kyrie," with its lovely *reprise* of the first theme, the solemn character of the "Credo," with its unending orchestral counterpoint of crotchets, the beautiful "Benedictus," a canon for soprano, tenor, and bass, and impressive "Agnus Dei," are features of rare interest and attraction.

It is only when we compare the work with the confessedly noblest examples of the master, that we see its inferiority. This, however, should not blind us to the fact that, considering Schubert's age when it was written, and the influences amid which he worked, the Mass in G is a surprising effort—evidencing not only its composer's genius, but also his fine sense of the true and just in art. It is said to have been penned in five days; and this, perhaps, accounts for many slips which would not otherwise have happened, though the fact lies beyond question that Schubert was a careless workman. Even the words of his Masses, which he must have known by heart, are incorrectly transcribed, and the editor of the present edition has had to make important changes, in order to fit the Masses for use in the Catholic Church.

The Mass (No. 3) in B flat was, as already stated, composed immediately after that in G, from which, however, it differs in several important respects. Von Hellborn states that this work is heard in Vienna much more often than its companions, for the reason, perhaps, that the popular style of Haydn and Mozart is almost ostentatiously adopted. Schubert's individuality asserts itself here and there, but the influence of the older master predominates, and, as a result, we have a good deal of showy and effective, if not very appropriate, music. Indeed, regarding the Mass as an example of the school to which it belongs, we quite agree with a thoughtful critic, who has said that "it is not unworthy to rank with the best of Haydn's and Mozart's works of the same kind." It contains many passages of a purely conventional type—mere "padding," in point of fact; but it also contains much beautiful melody, and, in the case of the "Benedictus," as fine an example of part-writing as any to be found in the range of sacred art. Schubert was always happy in setting

the "Benedictus," but, in this instance, the source of his inspiration was obviously the enchanting movement which, whether by Mozart or Süßmayr, gives so much of loveliness to the "Requiem." The "Agnus Dei" may also be referred to in terms of praise. On the other hand, the "Cum Sancto Spiritu," wherein Schubert ventures upon fugal, or rather imitative, writing, is poor in the extreme, and would, if presented as an exercise in an academy class, entail a "wiggling" upon its unfortunate perpetrator. In his "Dona nobis," moreover, Schubert follows out "to the bitter end" the bad practice of setting solemn and tranquil words to light and vivacious music for the sake of an effective wind-up. Balancing merits and shortcomings, the Mass in B flat must be set down as a clever and pleasing example of its particular school, while it has the further advantage of easiness, and a popular character. The work is scored for oboes, bassoons, trumpets, drums, and organ, in addition to the string quartet, and numbers 607 bars.

With the Mass (No. 4) in C before us, and, also, the date (1816) put to it by Schubert's biographer, we are more than ever disposed to give up chronology as a hopeless puzzle. How came it that in two short years our author descended from the height of the beautiful Mass in F to the comparatively low level where we now find him. For, if the No. 3 was an ostentatious copy of the Haydn-Mozart style, that before us may be called a slavish imitation, redeemed only in a slight degree by strokes of genius. Circumstances attendant upon the creation of the work would, perhaps, if we knew them, give us some clue to the reason for so marked a retrogression; but, in their absence, we can only wonder at the fact. After what has been said, a good deal of this Mass may pass without further comment, inasmuch as amateurs cannot go far wrong in calling upon their knowledge of the model for an idea of the copy. They will readily suppose that the work abounds in bold and brilliant passages, that the orchestra is used in a showy manner, and that musical effect is sought without much reference to the purport of the words. Examples of all this may be found in the "Gloria," the "Credo," and the "Dona nobis;" but, on the other hand, there are not wanting passages that give us a momentary glimpse, so to speak, of the composer's genius and individuality. Those readers who know the Mass will at once recur to the "Et incarnatus," an *Adagio* only twenty-one bars long, yet containing beauty enough for one of greater dimensions. Other portions might be cited, but no amount of detail, with regard to such distinctiveness, as exists in the work, could alter the fact, that it is to all intents and purposes, a reflection of other thoughts and other fashions than those natural to the composer. This, however, Schubert himself would hardly have conceded, even towards the close of his life. He had some pride in his 4th Mass, and took the trouble to write a new choral "Benedictus" for it, instead of the original soprano solo, this task, indeed, being one of the latest he accomplished. The edition before us does not contain the second movement, and we think the editor has used a wise discretion in excluding it, it only because great beauty and originality of character put it out of keeping with the rest.

Schubert seems to have written the Mass in C for an orchestra without violas, those instruments not appearing in the score; provision is made, however, for two oboes (or clarionets?), trumpets, drums, and organ. The entire work numbers 549 bars; 41 bars more than the shortest of the five Masses—that in G.

We now come to the second group, going backward in point of time, but forward in all other respects, to reach the Mass (No. 1), in F, some particulars concerning which have already been given. Here we get out of a confined place into one large and open, and see our composer in all his native vigor and beauty, no longer under any influences save those of his own genius, and giving full play to his imagination and skill. Here too, for the first time, we see him with something like a full orchestra at command. In the smaller Masses he makes admirable use of limited means; but now, with larger resources, he comes before us as the veritable Schubert whom every amateur loves with special fervor as a writer for the orchestra. Accepting Von Hellborn's account as to the origin of this Mass, it would appear that extra instruments were engaged for the Festival at Lichtenenthal, and hence we now find Schubert dealing with oboes, clarionets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, and drums, besides the usual strings. What wonder that he felt inspired to employ these resources in the best possible manner, and after his own fashion; conscious

that the opportunity had come to reveal the gifts with which Heaven had endowed him. Well did the young master set out by writing a beautiful "Kyrie," wherein dwells the spirit of pure and heartfelt devotion. Putting aside the temptation to orchestral pomp and splendor, Schubert composed music which is itself a prayer, with its plaintive, yearning melodies, and solemn, unaffected harmonies. A soprano solo gives variety and added beauty to the movement, the chorus being in one instance happily used as an accompaniment, while the orchestra lends its most tender and delicate coloring to the whole. We find too, more than one of the touches peculiar to Schubert, that give his later works so great a piquancy. The return of the first theme is beautifully managed, and a new floating accompaniment for strings bestows a fresh charm upon its repetition. Our composer seems to have thrown himself heart and soul into the "Gloria," breaking loose especially from all restraint as to space, and writing no fewer than five movements, some of them amply developed. The opening *Allegro* is bold and spirited, without being characteristic in more than the use of the orchestra; and the "Gratias agimus" (*Andante con moto*) recalls, without being like, the "Recordare Jesu" (same time and key) of Mozart's "Requiem." An effective change of rhythm and character marks the passage, "Domine Deus, Rex Cælestis," and leads to an *Adagio*, "Domine Deus, Agnus Dei," which is in Schubert's most characteristic and beautiful style. The "Quoniam" briefly preludes a largely developed fugue (*Allegro vivace*) "Cum Sancto Spiritu," the working of which is attended nearly throughout by a brisk violin accompaniment. For a lad of seventeen this scholastic exercise may be called clever, but Schubert appears much at ease when he safely reaches his pedal point, and launches out into a *Credo* containing some bold and striking progressions. The "Credo" is set in a single movement, *Andantino*, 227 bars long, and affects, throughout, a subdued character, clarionets, trumpets, and drums being silent. It is, however, one of the best numbers in the work, not only on the score of beauty but of invention, one example of which quality may be seen in a figure of accompaniment for wind instruments, so inexorable throughout as to suggest the very steadfastness of belief. We might dwell long upon every page of this "Credo," but it must suffice to indicate the striking impressiveness of the "Crucifixus" (in which alone the figure just referred to is suspended), and of the bass solo set to "Et iterum venturus est," &c. Taken as a whole, the movement deserves a place among the finest settings of the Creed. The "Sanctus" opens well with *fortissimo* diatonic chords for the voices, preluded by *tremolo* passages for orchestra, the *crescendo* of which leads up to them with splendid effect. Though the rest of this *Adagio maestoso* is scarcely worthy of the beginning, it is not without merit, nor unfit for its place in the Mass. The "Benedictus" (*Andante con moto*) will always be the favorite movement. It is written as a canon on the unison and octave for two sopranos and two tenors, the second tenor leading, followed in order by the voices above, and it has a melody which, if not original but common, is expressive in a high degree. With the entry of each voice the orchestra has a different manner of accompaniment, but nothing interferes with the strict form of the movement in the vocal parts. Passing over the "Agnus Dei" we have only to remark of the "Dona nobis" that it is based upon the theme of the "Kyrie," which dictates its entire character and treatment. Thus, as the Mass began so it ends,—the same subdued and plaintive strains which lifted heavenwards the prayer for mercy, doing a like office for the aspiration after peace. Reviewing the entire work, and taking special note of its orchestration, we must once more express surprise that such evidence of ripeness should be given in a first composition of the kind. The Mass in F contains altogether 940 bars, and is, therefore, by comparison with those of the first group, a large work.

Finis coronat opus. We come now to the splendid composition, important in dimensions as in character, with which Schubert closed his labors for the Church. The circumstances attending the production of the grand Mass in E flat, like most else connected with this master's life, are still obscure, the only known reference to them being met with in a letter from one of Schubert's friends to another, dated July 1828, the last year of his life. "He (Schubert) is still here at present," wrote Herr Jenger "working zealously at a new Mass." This and no more, has come down to us concerning one of the finest examples of sacred art that genius has produced. Composed only a few months before his

death, and it may have been, with some presentiment of what was approaching, the Mass embodies Schubert's ripest thoughts, and deepest feelings. We cannot hear it without a consciousness that it came from the heart as well as from the head of the master, who on no previous occasion touched so powerfully the springs of human emotion. Like its predecessor last noticed, the Mass in E flat is written for a full orchestra; but in dimensions it far exceeds the "F major," containing no fewer than 1687 bars, of which the opening movement has 164. In this "Kyrie" the genius of Schubert is revealed to the full extent of its capacity for expressing deep and tender feeling. How beautifully the work opens for example, with soft sustained wind chords, emphasized by the marked rhythm of the basses, *pizz.* And then, the loveliness of the first vocal phrase, which might well give utterance to all the yearnings of the soul for pardon, how it strikes at once the key-note that governs the entire Mass, and shows us all the power of art chastened and ennobled by religious emotion! But the musician, as well as the musico-sentimentalist can revel in this delicious "Kyrie," and did space permit, nothing would be easier than to prove that its beauties are transcendent. The "Gloria" is quite worthy to follow the opening movement, and presents many a trait of Schubert's most charming individuality. Among these are the change on the words "Adoramus te," the treatment of the "Domine Deus" and "Miserere nobis," and especially the magnificent passage with which this part of the "Gloria" ends. "Cum Sancto Spiritu" is set as a fugue, after a much more elaborate fashion than we find in the Mass No. 1. Its character, however, apart from the contrapuntal skill shown, is affected by a large use of chromatic progressions, and the general result strikes us as more scholastic than pleasing. The "Credo" gives us a foretaste of its novelty by the two-bar roll of drums which preludes the entrance of the voices. Beethoven had shown how the tympani should be used, and Schubert here almost betters his instructions, so impressive is the effect. The drum passage more than once reappears, and is an important feature in a movement full of interest. In the "Et incarnatus," our composer resorts to his much-loved canonic form, with a success rarely, if ever, surpassed. The Canon, written for one soprano and two tenor voices, has a melody of extreme beauty; the parts flow with smoothness, and the accompaniment enriches without encumbering. This is undoubtedly the gem of the "Credo," though many subsequent passages call for hearty admiration, both on æsthetic and scientific grounds. The "Sanctus," peculiarly enterprising in its progressions, cannot compete with the "Et incarnatus" for charm, but the "Benedictus" for quartet and chorus, might run that lovely movement very hard for first place. Mere verbal description avails nothing to convey an idea of its character; we may, however, arouse curiosity by speaking of it in the strongest terms as a model of religious music. The solemn "Agnus" and marvellously beautiful "Dona nobis" are worthy of all that has gone before, and, in closing the volume in obedience to the exigencies of space, we can only express a hope that very soon this grand Mass will have the place in public esteem it fairly deserves.

A word must suffice to recognize the general accuracy and completeness of the edition before us, and to state that all the Masses have been ably adapted to the Communion Service of the English Church by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, M. A., and are published in a separate form.

Strakosch Interviewed.

SCENE—The Everett House.

Dramatis Personæ—Max Strakosch and the Musical Critic of *The Avedian*.

Critic.—I received the list of your engagements, which is somewhat different from what you gave when I last saw you.

Strakosch.—Yes; but you can now rely implicitly on the present one, unless any unforeseen accident happens. What do you think of the people I have secured?

Critic.—There are many of whom I know nothing, so I have come to you for some information.

Strakosch.—Well, I have three *prima donne*, of whom Albani is the most expensive, and probably the best. You have of course heard of her successes in Europe. She first appeared at Covent Garden in 1872, and at once achieved a success. Since that she has been re-engaged each season, and was the

only rival of Patti this year. Then her Russian engagement was quite a triumph, as every one knows who reads the papers. She is young, good-looking, has a fine voice, and sings well. A great deal has been said about dispensing with a "star," but that is all nonsense. The public is not yet educated up to that point. It is very well for you and me and a few musicians to say that all that is wanted is a good *ensemble*; but audiences want an attraction. If I am asked, "Mr. Manager, where is your attraction?" it is useless for me to point to my company. I must have some well-known name to put forward. Now, Albani is the best *prima donna* in Europe after Tietjens, Patti, and Nilsson. The last we have had enough of, at least for a season or two; Patti will not come; and Tietjens is old and never was beautiful. To succeed her a *prima donna* must be young and pretty; and then it requires very judicious management to make her a popular favorite. Look at the case of Lucca; she is a really great artiste, but it will never pay a manager in this country to give her a large salary. You know I tried her at the close of last season, but I could not regain the lost ground.

Critic.—It is generally understood that Mdle. Albani is an American.

Strakosch.—Yes, she is of French Canadian parents; her real name is Emma La Jeunesse. Her education was gained at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, Montreal. There her musical talents soon showed themselves, and she became an accomplished organist.

Critic.—An education at a convent is rather a singular preparation for the lyric stage. How naturally she would be able to act as one of the nuns in "Robert the Devil"! You had better mount that opera, and give the tenor part to Devillier.

Strakosch.—You are always chaffing me, but I don't care a straw. I have heard it said "the nearer to church, the further from God," and you seem to think that because a lady has been an inmate of a convent she is particularly fitted to associate with the devil. When Albani's parents found out how great were her vocal abilities, she was taken to Paris and placed under the tuition of the once celebrated tenor, Duprez. He was charmed with her, and, after having taught her as much as he could, sent her on to Lamperti of Milan, who is unsurpassed in his method.

Critic.—What is her repertory?

Strakosch.—I cannot tell you all, but she has been most successful in "Linda," "Sonnambula," "Lucia," "Mignon," "Rigoletto," Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," and Rosina in "Il Barbiere." I shall, in all probability, produce "Il Barbiere," because one of my tenors, Debassini, has a light, flexible voice, and can sing the Rossinian scales to perfection.

Critic.—It will be almost a novelty here; we have had so little of Rossini's music of late years. Very few modern singers study sufficiently to be able to master its difficulties.

Strakosch.—In that respect, at least, you will be pleased with Debassini, whose execution is remarkably fluent. Albani will also take the leading *rôle* in the "Flying Dutchman."

Critic.—Then you have decided to produce that opera?

Strakosch.—Yes; I was in doubt between that and "Rienzi," but the score of the latter would require a very great deal of alteration, and there would be much difficulty in getting the music. Besides, the "Flying Dutchman" has been tried before English audiences, while "Rienzi" has not.

Critic.—I remember seeing the "Dutchman" at Drury Lane during Wood's season in 1870, with Murska and Santley.

Strakosch.—Did you like it?

Critic.—Yes; it is far more pleasing than "Lohengrin." You know Wagner wrote it before all his extraordinary theories had been developed. There will be a good chance for you to show us some fine scenery.

Strakosch.—Well, I shall do my best. The stockholders are supplying a new set of scenery suitable for ordinary operas, and I shall mount the new ones as well as I know how.

Critic.—What will Heilbron sing?

Strakosch.—As I told you before, she was originally at the Opéra Comique, and her genius is for the lighter parts. She will appear in "La Traviata," "La Figlia," "Faust," Gounod's "Romeo and Giulietta," and she will undertake Elsa in "Lohengrin."

Critic.—Pollentini's name is quite unknown here.

Strakosch.—Yes; she is young, but has been much liked in all the principal Italian cities, and was well received last season at La Scala, Milan, an enormous house—I believe the largest in the world—and

where the audiences are extremely critical. She is a fine actress, and will undertake the heavy *rôles*, including Aida, and Valentina in "Les Huguenots." Maresi will also be in the company, and Miss Cary is relied upon for all the contralto parts. She knows almost every opera, is always amiable, and never disappoints the public.

Critic.—Three most excellent qualities, and I am sure the public appreciates the lady at her proper worth. Now tell me about the gentlemen.

Strakosch.—The principal tenor is Carpi, of whom I expect great things. Here is his photograph; you can see that he is very handsome. He sang last season at Cairo, where he replaced Mongini. His voice is a *tenore di forza*. I shall give him the parts in "Aida" and "Lohengrin." His repertory includes most of Meyerbeer's operas, and I hear that he is capital in Masaniello. What are you laughing at?

Critic.—Because, as his name is rather fishy, it seems only proper that he should succeed as a fisherman.

Strakosch.—Well, as you have had your joke, I will have mine. What is the difference between Carpi and a cardinal?

Critic.—I don't know, but the tenor of their ways seems entirely different.

Strakosch.—One performs mass in red and the other Masaniello (mass in yellow).

Critic.—Very good. Now about Devillier. Was he not a cooper, and did not some manager find out his capabilities by hearing him sing while at work?

Strakosch.—Yes. You see, being a cooper, he knew all about bars and staves. He did well at Paris last year, and has a good *répertoire*. I shall let him sing in "William Tell," and probably in some of Meyerbeer's operas. Of Del Puente you know almost as much as I. Then there is a new baritone, Tagliapietra, who was at Paris this season with my brother. Scolaria is a useful bass, and I have engaged Fiorini, who was also with Moritz, and who knows a great number of operas, and has a powerful, rich voice. I have aimed at obtaining a company which should be complete in every detail, and while I have no *débütantes* or untried singers, the artists are all young, and there are no worn voices among them. The older and more worn out a singer is, the more difficult he or she is to manage. Some of the people I have had gave themselves many more airs than they sing.

Critic.—Singers are, of course, crotchety.

Strakosch.—Yes, and their quavers and their turns nearly made me ill last year. I could not sleep without taking several minims of soothing medicine. When they found they could not move me, they tried to work my manager; but that was out of the frying-pan into the Fryer.

Critic.—Then, in the way of novelties, we may expect the "Flying Dutchman," "William Tell," and "Ruy Blas"?

Strakosch.—And also "L'Etoile du Nord" and Gounod's "Romeo and Giulietta," in both of which Heilbron will sustain the soprano parts. I think Marchetti's "Ruy Blas" is likely to prove a success. It is quite new, and has not been heard out of Italy. The libretto is excellently arranged from the well-known play, and the music is of a grandly dramatic nature. Carpi will most probably sing in it, but the soprano, tenor, and baritone parts are all of about equal importance.

Critic.—Gounod's "Romeo and Giulietta" I heard at the time of its first production in London with Patti and Mario. It was by no means up to "Faust."

Strakosch.—You must remember that then Mario had quite lost his voice, and was too lazy to learn the music, and that the tenor and soprano have nearly the whole weight of the opera. Since that time much of the music has been rewritten and several additions made.

Critic.—I remember the ball room scene. The dance music was quite equal to the waltz in "Faust."

Strakosch.—Verdi's Mass will, I anticipate, be one of the great features of the season. I am going to bring over sixteen chorus singers, eight tenors, four basses, and four contraltos. You noticed last year how weak the contraltos were. It is almost impossible to find genuine contralto voices in this country. The orchestra will also receive some important additions from abroad, and Mme. Maretzek will be the harpist, and you know how fine an executant she is. It will be my endeavor to present opera as well as it is done in any city in Europe. The standard inaugurated last year will be fully maintained, and I shall spare no expense in the dresses and scenery for the new operas.

Critic.—With what will you open?

The just a - lone shall bow With - in Thy heav'nly por - tal; The just in

The just a - lone shall bow With - in Thy heav'nly por - tal; The just in

Andante.

lays im - mor - tal Shall mag - ni - fy Thy name in strains of praise.

lays im - mor - tal Shall mag - ni - fy Thy name in strains of praise.

Andante.

SOPR. I. SOLO.

The sin - ner's joys de - cay, As the night in morn - ing

waneth Like dreams, they fade a - way, And regret un - ceas - ing re -
SOPR. & ALTO unis. *pp*

They, Lord, who

ff pp

p

main - eth! Wak-ing, they mourn.... For delights that ne'er re -
scoff, who scoff at Thee,
ff pp

turn. While the just at Thy ta - ble are tast - ing Ho - ly peace and the
pp

Who scorn while we a - dore
ff pp

comforts of life e - ver - last ing; Thy de -
TENORE & BASSO unis.

Thee. These heirs of wrath shall

pp

ri - ders, tor - ment - ed, shall drink..... the bitter woes Which
nev - er see Thy ho - ly

f pp
pp

cresc. Thou, Lord in Thy wrath, *ff* on the day of retri - bu - tion, Hast
Zi - on's glo - - - ry.

cresc. *f* *ff* *dim.*

SOPR. TUTTI. *p*
just - ly prepar - ed for all Thy foes. O horror, thus to
p O horror, thus to wake!
p O horror, thus to
p O horror, thus to wake!

pp *p*

Wake! O vain and fleeting vis - ion! O horror, thus to

cresc.

Wake! O vain and fleeting vis - ion! O horror, thus to

cresc.

cresc.

O vain and fleet - ing vis - ion! O woe - ful, dire mis - take!

cresc. *f* *dim.* *p*

Wake! O vain and fleet - ing vis - ion! O woe - ful, dire mis - take!

cresc. *f* *dim.* *p*

Wake!

f *dim.* *p*

Strakosch.—Probably with "Traviata," on the 28th September. Heilbron will be here for a fortnight before Albani arrives. The fall season will be ten weeks, and in the spring I shall again occupy the Academy for six weeks.—*Arcadian*, Aug. 20.

Mr. William Chappell and Helmholtz.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL STANDARD."

SIR,—In your number of July 18 one who subscribes himself "A Reader of Helmholtz" rushes into print, before any one can have had my "History of Music" in his hands more than a few days, to charge me with "blundering," because I assert that Professor Helmholtz mistakenly "supposes the harmonics of a string to be simultaneously superposed." If your correspondent could have contented his zeal by showing that he had found an erratum as to the page of Helmholtz's work to which I refer, my thanks would have been due to him; but he must indeed be a careless "Reader of Helmholtz" who has not discovered that the learned physiologist contends throughout his work for the compound nature of musical tones, and that the meaning of a compound tone is one with "harmonics simultaneously superposed."

By a curious coincidence, two more attentive "Readers of Helmholtz" are quoted in the column of the *Musical Standard* which precedes the letter of your anonymous correspondent; the first is Mr. Colin Brown, and the second is Mr. Sully. Mr. Colin Brown says: "If it be true that all the sounds are contained in a musical sound." And Mr. Sully: "Just as a single musical note is demonstrated to be a complex product."

The particular passage which was under my eye when writing is the following, from Professor Tyndall's "Lectures on Sound": "Now it is not possible to sound the string as a whole, without at the same time causing to a greater or less extent its subdivision; that is to say, superposed upon the vibrations of the whole string, we have always in a greater or less degree the vibrations of its aliquot parts. The higher notes produced by these latter vibrations are called harmonics of the string."

To these theories and supposed demonstrations I demur on practical grounds. It is clear to me that the nature of harmonics is not understood, and that Professor Helmholtz is particularly deficient in practical experience. No theory can be more wild than one of his, that the difference of tone between a violin and a flute is due to the difference in their harmonics. The harmonics of the two are absolutely the same, and the real causes of difference are in the sounding bodies of the instruments, and in the different manners of exciting their tones. As to flutes and pipes, the very character ascribed to their tones by ancient writers has enabled me to tell how they were blown. If a wailing quality of tone, it must have proceeded from a pipe blown by a double reed, such as is now employed in the hautboy; the brilliant tone is from the flute; the powerful and deeper tone from the clarinet reed; and the soft and pure tone from blowing by the mouth (without assistance from the lip) upon the sharp edge of a wedge, as in the flageolet, or with the aid of bellows in the diaphan pipe of an organ.

Harmonics have no share in the production of tone from any musical instrument, and therefore do not in the least affect its quality. Harmonic sounds are never simultaneous, even with one another, but they ensue in rapid succession after the production of the principal note has ceased. So long as the force of the bow or of the pianoforte hammer is upon the string, it produces but the one note which is designed. Only when the force of the blow or of the bow is expended do the vibrations of the string begin to contract, and that contraction is the cause of a rapid succession of harmonics, which continue to ascend until the string is at rest. In pipes the effect is the same. So long as the wind is of adequate power the true note is produced; but when the column of air which has been projected from the pipe becomes attenuated by friction, harmonics commence. All harmonics are therefore higher notes than the first sound, and they are heard only upon the break-up of the principal tone. There is no second kind of harmonics; but there are sometimes tones below the principal note, and these are due to the extra power of coincident over non-coincident vibrations. Harmoniums, concertinas, and symphoniums have no harmonics, because their tones are produced by the vibrations of metal springs, and these springs are too stiff to subdivide themselves like a string. If such tongues of metal be inserted into pipes, the pipe will yield harmonics.

And now as to the origin of the mistake about the

superposition of harmonics and of the composite nature of tone. A very few words from Helmholtz's "Toneempfindungen" will perhaps suffice to show. He says: "When several resonant bodies in the surrounding atmosphere simultaneously excite different systems of waves of sound." Thus the foundation of the argument is upon several instruments. (P. 46, l. 12.) Next: "A composite mass of musical tones may give rise to a purely periodic motion of the air, when all the musical tones which intermingle have vibrational numbers which are all multiples of one and the same whole number; or (which comes to the same thing) when all these musical tones, so far as their pitch is concerned, may be regarded as harmonics of the same fundamental note." ("Obertöne eines und desselben Grundtons.") (P. 49, lines 18 to 24, 3rd edit.)

So the experiment is to be upon sounds all of which have some consonant and coincident vibrations with the lowest note. This series commences with the octave, then the fifth, the double octave, the third, and sometimes more. In the octave every alternate vibration is consonant and coincident with the fundamental note; in the fifth every third vibration is coincident, in the double octave every fourth vibration, and in the major third every fifth vibration. All these various vibrations keep time with the fundamental note—2 to 1, 3 to 1, 4 to 1, and 5 to 1. Coincident vibrations have double the power of the non-coincident, just as when two hammers are struck simultaneously they exceed the loudness of alternate strokes. Thus the coincident vibrations only may be heard at a distance, because they overpower the rest, and the deception is further aided by the consonant harmony of the intervals; but it is an illusion, which would be detected by any one who might be close to the instruments.

Another aid to deception is that the wide vibrations of the fundamental or lowest note endure longer than all the others, and that the vibrations of the shortest, and therefore least consonant, sound are soonest at an end. I have commented upon this effect in my "History," in these words:—"If a chorus of men's and women's voices be heard singing the same subject at a distance, especially in the open air, the women's voices will seem to give brilliancy to the men's, and to die away in them, for the slower vibrations of the men's voices continue after those of the women have ceased" (p. 87). My friend G. A. Macfarren told me that he also had often noticed this effect. Thus the theory of compound tone is founded upon the illusive effect of distance. I will now proceed to show that it cannot be true.

Allow me first to refer to an experiment which was witnessed by a large number of persons at the meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh in 1872. Mr. Ladd there exhibited a long string vibrating the interval of the fifth, and threw a powerful light upon it, so that the vibrations could be seen distinctly in the dark room. The string could not have deviated so far in the width of its vibrations as to sound any other interval without it being seen, and it did not so deviate. The difference of width is great in succeeding harmonics; the harmonic of the octave vibrates only half the distance of the whole note. Every musical note may be tested by the ear, and in this case the ear is supreme judge. The note may be identified by measurement upon the string; also by comparing the two sounds—the first produced by the natural harmonic, and the second artificially. All these tests bear witness against the compound nature of tone. The tone of the pipe is purer than that of the string; the pipe does not permit so much deviation or wave motion as may be in a string. Musical tone is produced only by the transverse antagonistic vibrations of the string, and not by the eccentric longitudinal movements. The motion of the waves of sound is transverse to the direction of the wave.

WM. CHAPPELL.

Stratford Lodge, Oatland Park, Surrey.

Translations from Richard Wagner.*

II. THE POPULAR MELODY HUNTERS—"MASANIELLO" AND "WILLIAM TELL."

... And now the grand hunt for popular melodies broke loose over other people's grounds. Already WEBER, finding his native flower was wilted, had been busily turning over the leaves of Forkel's descriptions of the Arabian music, and had borrowed thence a march for the Harem guard. Our Frenchmen were quickly on their feet; they merely looked into the hand-books for tourists, and set out in person to see and hear, upon the spot,

*From his "Oper und drama," 3 vols. Leipzig, 1852.

wherever any bit of popular *naïveté* was to be found, both how it looked and sounded. Our grey old civilization was growing childish again, and second childishness soon dies!

There, in the beautiful and much defiled land of Italy, whose musical fat Rossini had exhausted with such elegant complacency for the lean world of Art, sat the careless and luxurious master and looked on with a wondering smile, upon this rummaging about of the gallant Parisian popular melody hunters. One of these was a good rider, and when he got off from his horse after a hasty ride, people knew that he had found a good melody, which would bring him in much gold. This man rode like all possessed through all the fish and vegetable markets of Naples, till every thing flew round about his ears, scoldings and curses followed him, and threatening fists were raised against him,—so that with the lightning-speed of instinct he snuffed the idea of a magnificent fishermen's and market-men's revolution. But there was still more profit to be made out of this! Away to Portici gallops the Parisian rider, to the barks and nets of those *naïve* fishermen, who are singing there and catching fish, sleeping and quarrelling, playing with wife and child and throwing knives, stabbing and killing one another and still singing on. Master AUBER, it must be confessed, that was a good rider, and better than that famous one upon the Hippogriff, which moved only in the air,—from which nothing was to be gained but east winds and colds! The rider rode home, sprang from his horse, paid Rossini an uncommonly gracious compliment (he knew well why!), took the extra post to Paris, and what he there got ready in the turning of his hand was nothing more nor less than the *Muette de Portici* ("Masaniello.")

—This "Mute" was the now speechless-grown Muse of the Drama, who, sad and lonely in the midst of singing and tumultuous masses, wandered about with broken heart, only at last from satiety of life to smother herself and her irremediable anguish in the artificial fury of the theatrical volcano!

Rossini looked on from afar upon the gorgeous spectacle, and when he journeyed to Paris, he thought he would just stop and rest a while under the snowy Alps of Switzerland, and listen how the healthy and brave fellows there held musical communion with their mountains and their cows. Arrived at Paris, he paid Auber his most gracious compliment (he knew well why!), and placed before the world, with much paternal joy, his youngest child, which by a happy inspiration he had baptized "William Tell."

The "*Muette de Portici*" and "William Tell" became now the two poles of the axis, about which the whole speculative world of opera music turned. A new secret for galvanizing the half effete body of the opera had been found; and now the opera could live again, so long as any national peculiarities remained to be rifled. All countries of the Continent were explored, every province plundered, every race and stock of men sucked to the last drops of its musical blood, and the vinous spirit so gained was burned out in glittering fire-works for the delight of the gentry, and the rabble of the great musical world. The German art-criticism saw in this a significant approximation of opera to its goal; for now it had struck into the "national," or, if you will, the "historical" direction. When the whole world is out of joint, the Germans feel the happiest; for they have so much the more to explain, to divine, to imagine, and finally—that they may feel perfectly contented and at home—to classify!

Miss Edith Wynne.

"Cherubino" in the London *Figaro* of July 29 reports as follows of a testimonial presented to the singer who has left such pleasant memories in Boston:

There are times when the critic is only too glad to lay aside the gall, and to dip his pen in the milk and honey of unreserved praise. Such an occasion presents itself in various ways, sometimes in the form of a "benefit," where the artiste gets the bouquets and the impresario the money, and sometimes, though less often, in the more substantial form of a public "testimonial." The testimonial which was presented to Miss Edith Wynne, at a *Conversazione* of the London and Welsh Choral Union, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday last, was intrinsically valuable; but the mere money value of the marble bust, the beautiful bracelet resplendent with diamonds and stones of price, and the illuminated ad-

dress, formed but a small portion of the honor which was thus paid to a popular cantatrice. While the public homage thus paid by artistes to artiste was extremely gratifying to the recipient, there is no doubt that personal considerations entered very largely into the affair, and that the valuable gifts which Miss Wynne may with good reason treasure among the daintiest jewels of her diadem, were intended in appreciation as much of her virtues as an Englishwoman, (for England and Wales are practically one country), her exertions in the cause of charity, her ever-ready, and I may add, gratuitous response to the invitations to the national festivals of her countrymen, and her kindly and sisterly help to those who are as yet on the lowest rung of the artistic ladder, as of her high professional worth. To speak of the scene of the presentation in adequate manner, would be a difficult matter. Her own countrymen and women mustered largely to render her honor, but the English element was decidedly in the ascendant; while France, Germany and Italy sent their representatives. This was as it should have been, as Miss Wynne's fame is cosmopolitan, rather than national. The Welsh orators had a field-day, and were not slow to avail themselves of it. Mr. Cornwallis West, the Rev. Newman Hall, Sir Watkins W. Wynne, M.P., Mr. Richards, M.P., Mr. Brinley Richards, and Mr. John Thomas, separately and successively held forth to the glory of the Principality in general, and of Miss Wynne in particular. One enthusiastic speaker declared he remembered the first appearance of Miss Wynne in the Principality, which, as she was born in Holywell, must have been very early in her life. He mentioned, moreover, that she then wore the national garb of Wales, which, at that tender age, must have borne a curious resemblance to the costume of Mother Eve, before the Temptation. Another speaker attempted to trace the history of the Welsh people from the Flood. Another took up the thread of the discourse at the War of the Roses; while a fourth collapsed at the somewhat modern era of 1852. Verily, the recollections of these good Welsh people are as lengthy as their pedigrees, and, in sorrow, let me add, their speeches. The Welsh Choral Union sang some songs of welcome, and Miss Wynne herself, in a voice choked with pardonable and honorable emotion, attempted to reply in that which has been aptly termed "the mellifluous language of song," but her feelings overcame her, and she was compelled to retire. And truly she had good reason for her display of emotion. It is rare, indeed, that such expressions of honor, of kindness, and of goodwill fall to the lot of an artiste, and when such tokens come from dear and devoted friends, the heart which remained unmoved would be stony indeed. Right glad am I to see an English artiste thus appreciated in her own country; so sincere a reward of merit works good to art, and serves as an incentive to "talent yet undiscovered" to work and improve. The tribute was paid to a particular artiste, but it has its influence upon the whole system of English art, and reflects as much honor upon the donors as upon the recipient.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 5, 1874.

Beethoven in Boston.

Thirty years ago! It was earlier than that when our old Academy of Music began to give orchestral concerts in what had been known as the old Boston Theatre, then transformed into the Odeon, right in the heart of the burnt and rebuilt district, as we now call it. But we have not rebuilt the Odeon! Before the year 1845 the Academy had already produced the first, the fifth, the second, the Pastoral and the seventh Symphonies of Beethoven; and in the winter of that year all of these, except the Pastoral, and with the addition of the eighth, were heard in that old theatre.

This was a bold undertaking for a New England city, and, considering all things, a successful one. To criticize those performances by the standard of European orchestras would

have been ungenerous. We have no sympathy with those who would forbid a thing to be attempted, because we cannot do it perfectly; who have so little faith in the intrinsic power of Beethoven's music, or in the capacity of a musical soul to receive it inwardly and deeply, even from an imperfect and approximate execution of it by an orchestra, that they would deny us these to us invaluable opportunities. To say the least, they are better than nothing. An oft-repeated performance by an indifferent orchestra will, if they persevere in the right spirit, bring out more and more of the true features, of the profound meaning of the composition. The musicians grow by the study of it; their power increases with the magnitude of the task upon which they engage. It can hurt no one to *try* Beethoven. On the contrary hundreds felt, by this experiment, that they were unspeakably gainers. The Academy chose a generous course; for the sake of educating the public taste to a high standard, and creating a demand for the works of the great masters, they took the risk of failure and of criticism, and gave us *studies*, so to speak, of works which no one would have the presumption to suppose could be brought out here in the most masterly manner. What was the result? The orchestra was criticized; but hundreds acquired some true sense of the meaning and grandeur of these inexhaustible creations of genius; taste was elevated; Beethoven became really known to many; and some of the symphonies were studied and repeated till the orchestra really got to feel them, and cooperate as one in the production of them. An enthusiasm was generated both in the performer and in the hearer, at the expense, no doubt, of some lame and awkward trials, which neither could have afforded to forego. And that was thirty years ago! One of our wise newspaper critics, a short time since, proclaimed that the taste for classical music here in Boston dates entirely from the advent of the Thomas Orchestra!

Some thought it was beginning at the wrong end; that Beethoven was many years in advance of our musical culture; that we should be prepared for him as the world was prepared for him by first acquainting ourselves with the less profound and difficult music which preceded him. Ah! if we only might be so prepared! They were great masters who paved the way for Beethoven; from Bach to Haydn there was a line of influences enriching the soil from which such a genius was to spring. But if we had not had Beethoven, would it have been Bach and Haydn that would have been given us to prepare ourselves withal? Any thing but that; the most modern of the moderns, all the opera trash of the day, all the dazzling superficialities of solo-players, and those who write "for effect,"—these would have been given us; and we might hear them forever, and never be the wiser, though the mere physical sense of music and the mere mechanical power of execution might be somewhat sharpened. The truth is, Beethoven's is the music of this age; it gives voice to the imprisoned soul and aspiration of this age. Spiritually and essentially, it can be better comprehended by unmusical Americans in Boston now, than it could in Vienna when it was born. It was prophetic of the great world-movement that now stirs so many hearts. The

understanding of it is not a matter of mere musical refinement; the question only is: are our souls ready for the soul that is in it? If so, it is the very music for our education; it will open our ears for us through our souls; it will inspire us, since it came from that which in the depths of our hearts most interests us. The child will study what it loves; and we apprehend it is our destiny in this age and in this land to love Beethoven.

It was an era in the life of every child who loved music, the first time he happened to hear any thing, were it only a waltz, of Beethoven played in its true spirit. It affected his mind as no music before had done, and opened a new world to him,—a new world within himself, too, which made him shudder with delight. It touched new springs, and swelled the breast with emotions which seemed as if they could only find room in another and a vaster sphere of being. Those wondrous chords, each an electric shock; that impetuous, nervous, almost angry accent; that defiant dashing out of the strong notes, which only made more affecting the tremulous melodies of a heart all melting with love, vainly disguising itself under this rude manner; that earnest pleading, as about some vast unutterable wrong, appealing to us, like a portrait whose eye is on every one who enters the room; and above all, that boundless yearning, compelling the very stars above to answer in sweetest melodies, as they shed glimmerings on the dark, heaving, yearning waves below:—all that, for which there are no words, made us long to know more of the man, and to listen to some of his fuller utterances of himself, to some of his great works in which he allowed himself full scope;—for he indeed had something to tell us! That opportunity was at last secured to us, by the performance and subsequent frequent repetition by the Academy orchestra, of one of his greatest and most characteristic works, the Symphony in C minor. From that fifth Symphony dates the history of Beethoven in Boston. How this seized upon us, how it grew upon us, how it became a living bond of union between audience and performers, an initiation into a deeper life, how in spite of imperfect means and execution, the life and soul of it did contrive to get out and inspire the souls of all, which reacted on the performance, till actually it was performed well,—all this should be told, and taken as the starting point, in any attempt to sketch the history of the taste for the high instrumental music in Boston.

The Symphony Concerts.

The Harvard Musical Association is preparing for its tenth round of ten concerts, to begin on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 5, as usual at the Boston Music Hall. This round completed, it will have made up its first hundred of feasts of the purest and noblest specimens of classical orchestral music, consisting with but few exceptions of the acknowledged master-works,—the "consecrated works," to borrow the expression of the French composers in their Memorial which we copy on our first page,—of the great tone-poets with whom we never can become too well acquainted. It was for precisely this purpose that these concerts were originated nine years since, at a time when, after having been for years accustomed to Beethoven Symphonies, etc., until we knew not

how to do without them, we found ourselves deprived of any sure and permanent provision for the opportunities of hearing any other music than it suited the interests of private speculators and caterers to offer us from time to time; bidding for popularity, for money, of course they seldom cared to offer us the best, but only what they thought the most attractive to the crowd and for the moment. Then this society of gentlemen of culture, for the most part merely lovers of Art, with the exception of a few artists whom they had enrolled in their number, undertook to provide fit audience (even though few), orchestra, programmes, and pecuniary guaranty for a season of six Symphony concerts, in the purest sense of the word, and with the best means of interpretation which our city could afford. They afforded so much satisfaction that the number of concerts was increased the next year to eight, and after that to ten. One or more extra concerts, too, were given in the second, third and fourth years; in this way we make out our hundred.

Now these concerts, as we have often said, were designed for a definite and special purpose. They were not to cover the whole ground of music, even of orchestral music; they were not to answer every expectation which everybody has of instrumental concerts; they were not to catch up the shifting musical fashions of each year; they were not pledged to the bringing out of new works, new composers, (nor were they pledged not to bring out anything whatever that should be consistent with the general spirit of their programmes); they would keep to their own province,—a legitimate and most important one,—and forego all rivalry or imitation of the greater brilliancy, variety and novelty, with all the *ad captandum* arts, of other people's concerts; at war with none, but quietly pursuing their own way in the belief that it was good.

The name "Symphony Concerts," was thought a good one to define their character. It implied, not only that one of the Symphonies of the masters would form the principal feature of each concert, but also that all the other numbers of the programme should be in a certain true artistic harmony with that. Leaving it to others to provide music of another sort, each in his own way, and minister to other tastes and wants, the mission of these concerts was and is to keep this one spring of inspiration always open and accessible; so that it may not get overgrown, neglected and forgotten amid all the multifarious musical attractions, novelties and idols of the day; in other words, to make sure every year of at least a stated number of hearings of the "consecrated works," always in danger of being neglected amid the clamor of idle curiosity, the eager dazzling advertisements of new aspirants for fame or favor. Certainly ten chances in a year of hearing some of the great Symphonies, with due relief of other forms of music, is but a moderate guaranty against the danger of losing sight of the best amid the bewildering clamor of the new and loudly advertised. Having the masterworks always fresh in mind, then we can safely listen to the other concerts and form some intelligent judgment of the worth of new productions.

The motive of these concerts, therefore, is purely and entirely artistic, and in no sense speculative: ignoring all competition, they have no private interests to serve; a "business" enterprise they are not in any sense.

The motive that inspires them is:

1. To make sure and permanent the opportunities of keeping up acquaintance with the acknowledged masterworks of genius in the forms of Symphony, Concerto, Overture, etc.;—in a word, to make available, from year to year, the best part of our musical birthright.

2. To build up an orchestral institution of our own; for surely so musical a city as Boston ought not to be dependent upon travelling orchestras from abroad, or any mere chance opportunities, for its supplies of the essential classics of its education in this noble Art.—Of course it will be said, not without reason, that most people go to the concert where they expect the most amusement, or a fresh sensation, or the immediate enjoyment of the best performance, the best orchestra, and not for any patriotic and far reaching motive, not from a sentiment of loyalty to Art and to its progress in the long run. Yet we have seen that not a few are capable of this devotion.

Of the programmes for the coming season scarcely anything is yet sufficiently decided to warrant an announcement. We copy from the *Advertiser* below, some of the "probabilities," including rather more than can be safely promised as yet of the Harvard Concerts. The orchestra will no doubt be stronger and better than it has been. It is quite true that Mr. Listemann, having left the Thomas Orchestra, will be a most important reinforcement to our first violins; August Fries no doubt too will remain another year; but what the *Advertiser* hints about the leadership is mere conjecture of its own. Mr. Hartdegen, the violoncellist, also comes back to us; and, in all probability, the orchestra will gain the other excellent artists whom Mr. Listemann has associated with him in his new "Philharmonic" (Quintette) Club.

The programmes are gradually taking shape. A few hints only are in order now.

In the way of Symphonies, Beethoven, of course, must have the lion's share; a Symphony Concert audience would think itself unfairly treated without that; and it is yet to be seen that any novelty of Liszt, Raff, Wagner, anybody, is brilliant or beautiful or grand enough to draw like Beethoven. There will be at least three Beethoven Symphonies, and the only rule to be regarded in the selection is to take those which have not had their turn for some time; the second, fourth and seventh will meet that condition. Of cheerful, masterly old father Haydn there should at least be two,—perhaps the charming "Oxford" (never heard but once here) and the great one in D, commonly called "No. 2." Of Mozart surely one, and that one neither the "Jupiter," nor the G-minor, nor the E-flat, though these three are the finest; some other would be fresher. Schumann's music is now in the ascendant; all his Symphonies have been brought out repeatedly even in the earliest seasons of these concerts; this time the one in D minor and the one in C will be in order, and of course acceptable. There remain four places for other and perhaps more recent composers; and among things under consideration there are Symphonies by Gade, Rubinstein (the "Ocean" Symphony entire), Raff, Spohr's "Irisches und Göttliches" perhaps for once, and very probably the D-minor *Suite* (equivalent to a Symphony) by Fr. Lachner; * but candidates are much more numerous than places. But Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," which is pretty certain to be given with orchestra, chorus and solos, will claim all the time allotted to one concert, and for that once displace a Symphony; and this leads us to allude to a new element of interest which will figure we trust largely in the coming series.

Ever since these concerts were established the importance has been felt, and urged in every annual report of the committee, of having a select and well-trained chorus of mixed voices, which could be called upon from time to time to sing, with the full orchestral accompaniment, some of the choicest

* A "Suite by Gade" will claim consideration (vide *Advertiser*) just so soon as he sees fit to write one!

works out of that treasury of Cantatas, Choruses, &c., both secular and sacred, real works of genius, full of charm, which heretofore have almost never got a hearing in our city, save in small semi-private clubs with mere pianoforte accompaniment. Several times, in past years, such choruses, though often male choruses, were made up for a single performance in the Symphony concerts; but there was still the lack of any rightly constituted force to be relied upon. At length the time has come, and a choral club of about a hundred mixed voices, of the very best most and musically cultivated among the amateurs of Boston, has been organized, under the name of "The Cecilia," for the express purpose of singing in several of the Harvard Concerts. The original nucleus of the club consisted of a couple of dozen gentlemen, mostly leading members of the "Apollo," who, having come to an agreement as to how the thing could best be done, delegated the whole power of choosing singers, and of making all arrangements, to an executive committee of six, of whom the chairman and three others are members of the Harvard, while five belong to the "Apollo;" viz. S. L. Thorndike, Dr. S. W. Langmaid, J. L. Stickney, Allen A. Brown, H. M. Aiken, and A. Parker Brown. Mr. Charles C. Perkins was elected President, and Mr. Arthur Reed Secretary. The rehearsals (weekly through the winter) and the performances will be under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. The repertoire will be selected by the Harvard Concert Committee, and the only difficulty about it lies in the *embarras de richesse* which at once presents itself in such a field.

In the selection of Overtures and shorter orchestral pieces, freshness and even novelty will be studied, so far as consistent with intrinsic excellence and beauty. And some of the best solo performers (pianists, violinists, &c.), will appear as the interpreters of the Concertos, &c., best worth hearing.

Any one having a copy of a small pamphlet called "How shall I teach," will confer a favor by sending it to the publishers of this paper.

THE MUSICAL SEASON.—The *Advertiser* anticipates the musical attractions and distractions of another season in the following article:

It is impossible, for obvious reasons, to anticipate the details of the musical season with any such certainty as may be applied to the dramatic. Enough is already known, however, to justify a sketch of the general features of the year upon which we are just entering. The season of 1873-4 must necessarily overtop its successor in its possession of the Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society; but, excluding that remarkable occasion from view, it seems reasonably certain that the present season will much surpass the last in the particular of classical and symphony concerts. In opera we shall be weighted down with quantity, being promised two rather long engagements with the Italian, one of three weeks with Miss Kellogg and her corps, and no less than three doses of opera bouffe, to wit, from Mlle. Aimée, Miss Soldene and Mrs. Oates; in quality it is extremely improbable that we shall have anything worthy of comparison with the company which included Nilsson, Maurel, Campanini, Capoul and Nannetti, and we shall sadly miss the brilliant voice and noble action of Madame Lecca.

The Harvard symphony concerts deserve by right the first consideration, because they are the product, as it were, of our own soil, and because on them we depend, and must depend, for the constant supply of the best of our classical music and for the preservation and gradual elevation of the standard of taste. From foreign climes we may draw, with a pardonable eagerness of curiosity and desire, many rare and curious fruits, but good old New England principles teach us that we ought not to depend upon strangers for our daily bread. The Harvard Musical Association will give a series of ten symphony concerts in the Music Hall, beginning on the afternoon of Thursday, November 5, and continuing fortnightly, with but two or three interruptions, until the eighteenth of March. The orchestra is intended to be as large and as good as Boston can furnish, Mr. Zerrahn conducting and Mr. Bernhard Listemann returning, very possibly, to his place as leader of the first violins. The programmes of the Harvard concerts have not yet been arranged, and we can only say that the symphonies presented will probably be in the main from Beethoven, Haydn and Schumann,

—the first, fourth and seventh of the first-named composer being likely, we should suppose, to attract the attention of the committee from the comparative rarity of their presentation of late year's suites by Luchner and Gade (!?), and Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, with other works by modern authors, will doubtless be taken into consideration. The novel feature of the Harvard concerts during the present year will be the first appearance and performance in public of the new vocal society known as "The Cecilia." This organization consists of a hundred singers, male and female, selected from the best Boston voices and under the special direction of an executive committee of six, whose names have already been made public, and who are gentlemen of known skill, taste and experience. The Cecilia will be trained by Mr. Lang, and it is reasonable to hope that the choicest works for mixed voices—such as "Paradise and the Peri" of Schumann, and the Walpurgis Nacht of Mendelssohn—with choral selections from unfamiliar but master-works like "Euryanthe" of Weber, or the "Orpheus" of Gluck, may be given with a near approach to perfection, and with the result of an immense access of life and general interest to the Harvard programmes.

Mr. Theodore Thomas also takes the field with his magnificent orchestra. He announces a set of six symphony concerts in Music Hall on Wednesday evenings, beginning October 28, and continuing, with various intermissions of two, three and four weeks, until the seventeenth of February. For the performance of the greater symphonies the orchestra will be enlarged to the full New York standard, and in the ninth symphony of Beethoven the corps will number between seventy and ninety players. As an adjunct to his instrumental forces, Mr. Thomas also promises a large chorus of mixed voices, trained by Mr. Sharland, who will take part in the fourth movement of the choral symphony, and who will also produce some very interesting works of living composers. A musical entertainment of a more popular and miscellaneous character will be given on each of the Saturday afternoons immediately following the symphony concerts.

There will be a vast array of miscellaneous concerts of varying degrees of merit, some of which can already be announced by names and dates. De Vivo's concert troupe, which includes Mlle. Di Murska, Teresa Careno, M. Sauret the violinist, and others, will give three concerts in the Music Hall during the latter part of this month. The New York glee and madrigal singers, with Miss Beebe as soloist, will sing on the evening of December thirty-first, and on the afternoon of January second. And Miss Adelaide Phillips will give a farewell concert in the Music Hall on the night of the thirty-first of March. Madame Urso, with Miss Doria, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Rudolphsen and M. Sauret, the pianist, are expected to give a number of popular concerts, perhaps in Beethoven Hall, within the month of October. And during the latter part of the season we may expect the regular and always welcome courses from Mr. Lang, Mr. Ferabro, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Osgood, Mr. Boscowitz, Mr. Petersilea, Madame Schiller and others.

An interesting incident of the musical season will be the dedication on the evening of October 5 of the new and elegant Beethoven Hall on Washington Street. On that occasion an original opening address will be read by Miss Charlotte Cushman, and music will be furnished by the Beethoven Quintette club, the Temple Quartette, Madame Camilla Urso, Madame Schiller, and Mrs. DeLand, a beautiful little English lady, whose ballad singing has made a great impression at some of Mr. Thomas's recent New York concerts. Three concerts will be given in the same hall by the same artists and Mr. Boscowitz, on the seventh, ninth and tenth of October; and Mr. Listemann's Philharmonic club will give in the same place, beginning about the last of October, a series of popular Monday night concerts, in imitation of the famous London sets which take place upon that evening of the week.

Strakosch's Italian opera troupe will have a season of three weeks at the New Globe Theatre, dating from the seventh of December, and they will return on the twenty-sixth of April to the same house for a short time. The chief members of the company are Mlle. Emma Albani, prima donna, a Canadian by birth, who has met with great success in the chief cities of Europe; Mlle. Hellbron, prima donna, who has gained a fair reputation in Paris; Mlle. Potentini, and Mlle. Marese; our admirable Miss Cary as contralto; Carpi, Debasini and Deviller as tenors; Del Puente and Tagliapietra as baritones; and Fiorini and Scolaria as basses. Mr. Muzio and Mr. Behrens are to conduct. This is not "over and above" brilliant as a list of names; but they partially atone by promising Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," Rossini's "William Tell," Gounod's "Roméo and Juliet," Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," and Marchetti's "Ray of Blue." We wish Boston may hear these; but we doubt. Last year "Aida" was the only novelty which Mr. Strakosch vouchsafed us. Miss Kellogg opens at the Globe on the fifteenth of February for three weeks. Her company is substantially the same as last year in its principal members, and it has been strengthened by the addition of Mr. Castle as tenor. Balfe's "Talisman," with Miss Kellogg as *Edith*, is hinted at as one of the novelties of the English season. Mlle. Almée, with a corps which includes many new names, gives two weeks of French opera bouffe at the Globe, dating from the fourth of January. Offenbach's "La Princesse de Trébizonde" and "La Jolie Parfumeuse" and M. Vasseur's "La Timbale d'Argent" have been added, it is said, to the (blessed) Almée repertoire. English opera bouffe will find its most famous English representation at the Globe on the first of February in the person of the charming Miss Emily Solenne from London; and pretty Mr. Oates will gallop through the same delightful fields as the Boston Theatre at some unknown date. This dose of opera bouffe is likely to be of the "heroic" order. Perhaps this year's experience may operate on our public as three days of liberty among figs and dates does upon the grocer's boy. It would be a consummation worth some devout wishing for.

Mr. JULIUS E. PERKINS sailed from New York, yesterday, for England, where he will soon begin a three years' engagement with Mr. Mapleson. In company with his wife (Mlle Rose), also a member of Her Majesty's company, whom he married a few weeks ago on the eve of his sailing for America, he has been over a large portion of the country, going

west as far as Leavenworth. The vacation weeks passed so rapidly that but two days could be given to the reception of his old Boston acquaintances. Some of the latter assembled on Thursday evening, by special invitation, at the house of his brother, Mr. W. O. Perkins, on Ashland-place. The examples which Mr. Perkins kindly gave—from oratorio and opera—of his proficiency and attainments, were few in number, but were sufficient to show that his time abroad had been profitably spent, and that he had acquired a brilliant style, a smooth delivery, added to which was a rare distinctness of enunciation; there are few basses who possess these qualities in conjunction. Both manager and artist may be congratulated on their compact. It is Mr. Perkins' intention and hope to make a professional visit to America at the conclusion of his engagement in 1877, when he will probably take part in the fourth triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, to be held in this city in the spring of that year.—*Commonwealth*, Aug. 29.

THE inaugural session of the New England Normal Musical Institute, under the direction of Mr. Eben Tourjee, held at East Greenwich, R. I., has just closed with a concert, in which Messrs. George L. Osgood, B. J. Lang, C. N. Allen, Geo. E. Whiting, and the Beethoven Quintette Club were participants. Miss Ada B. Coombs of Providence, was the lady vocalist. The school has been attended during its brief session by one hundred and ten pupils.

THE *American Register* of Paris had, lately, an interesting article on Italian opera, which reveals the manager very much at the mercy of the artist, and shows that we cannot hope to hear the best talent of that land without paying well for it. The lyrical theatres there are sustained by the government as well as the public. For a season of three months the opera houses of Milan receive 320,000 francs' subvention, those of Rome 300,000, of Naples 300,000, Florence 180,000, Venice 180,000, Turin 160,000, Genoa 120,000. None of these establishments have any rent to pay, and they are not afflicted with share holders occupying the best seats, as in London and New York. They have, furthermore, the advantage of having attached to them dancing and chorus schools, the pupils of which give their services to the theatre gratis, while the conservatories of music furnish efficient aid to the orchestra. Owing to this resource, the orchestra of the Scala at Milan, which is composed of 110 musicians, costs only some \$3000 per month, while that of New York, which numbers only 70 performers, costs more than \$3000 per week. In Italy, and even in France, the theatres are not obliged to pay for their advertisements in the newspapers, and the musical critics only receive tickets for the first performance of a piece or for the debut of a new artist. In America, on the contrary, the journalists are nightly entitled to their places, although the advertisements of the theatres are regularly paid for. With regard to the remuneration of the lyrical artists, the idea that they are underpaid in Italy is entirely a mistake, as will be seen by the salaries paid to the following artists for their season of three months: Mme. Stolz, 55,000 francs; Mme. Wisnick, 43,000; Nicolini (tenor), 40,500; Aldighieri (baritone), 36,000. Our readers may form some idea from these figures of the difficulty which an American impresario encounters in making up a troupe in Italy. The artists there are satisfied with their public and with their positions, and will not accept American engagements, except at almost ruinous salaries. The same thing may be said in regard to Paris and London, and hence it is that opera directors in both these cities are compelled to present the same artists and the same old repertoire, year after year. In general organization, in enterprise, and in orchestral and choral efficiency, the Italian theatres are vastly superior to those of the English and French capitals, the Academy of Music in New York, curious to say, approaching nearest to them in those respects. There are many excellent artists in Italy who cannot be tempted to accept engagements in London or Paris, and who prefer New York, as a better field for the development of their particular talents. The progress made of late years by our people in operatic enterprise has given the Italians a very high opinion indeed of our musical culture. Hence, in the future we shall find it easier to compete with the European capitals for the possession of the best artists, the risk and discomfords of the sea-voyage to the contrary notwithstanding. The opinions in this paragraph, like the statements, are the *Register's*, not ours.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Cool Wind, Sweet Wind, blowing o'er the Sea. O'Grady. 30

"Have you brought from Adelaide The kiss she sent to me?"

A merry, lively little love song, of fine quality.

Jubilate Deo. Solo and Quartette. 3. G to f. Gordon. 50

Has Solos for Bass, Soprano and Tenor, and will be welcomed as new and good music for church service.

Lingering Dreams of Long Ago. 3. Bb to f. Flayval. 35

"Ah me! How fondly mem'ry dwells On days that now are dead."

Words by Eliot Lyder. Good poetry, set to music, rather sad, but of excellent quality.

Love Thou! Duetto. 5. Ab to f. Pinsuti. 75

"Ama! La vita sterile."

"Love thou! For life is bleak and bare."

A first-class concert duet of some difficulty.

Little Stars, or God is Love. Song and Cho. 3. Eb to f. Mayrader. 30

"The little birds have sought their nests, Among the leafy trees."

Very musical, and on a worthy subject.

Rosabella. 3. Eb to f. Daniel. 40

"It is not that her face is fair, 'Mid aureole of auburn hair."

It was soul-beauty that was so charming, and this sentiment, with the smooth and sweet air, renders it one of the better kind of songs.

I dream't Elise her Troth had spoken. (Sognal.) 6. E to a. Schira. 60

"Sognal che il labbro lo le baciat."

"I kiss her lips as love's first token."

A high class Italian concert song, with the usual love story in the words and all sorts of artistic effects in the melody.

Instrumental.

Leonore Grand March in E major. 5. Riff. 1.50

It should be understood that there are three arrangements of this celebrated work, which has become especially well-known by its great success in Thomas's Concerts. This is complete. There is also an abbreviated form, and one for 4 hands.

Heart's Wishes. (Herzenswünsche.) Idylle. 4. Db. Lichner. 40

The performer cannot have a very idyllic time in playing this, as the delicate and quick arpeggios, &c., require constant and close attention. But to a listener the general effect is very sweet and musical.

Faust. "Buds of the Opera." 3. Blumtal. 35

Freischütz. " " 3. " 35

Favorite airs of well-known operas.

Variations in A Major. For Organ. 6. A. Hesse. 60

For manual and pedal. Both feet and hands have enough to do, but it is a great piece when properly played.

Spring. Maylath. ea. 35

No. 2. Qui Vive Galop. 4 hands. 3. Ab

No. 3. Mandolinata. 4 " 2 F

No. 4. Heimweh. 4 " 3 G

Easy 4 hand arrangements of popular pieces.

Dreams of Youth. 4 easy pieces with octaves. Behr, ea. 25

1. Longings for Home. 3. Bb

2. Moorish Serenade. 2. A minor.

3. Ballad. 3. A "

4. Floweret in the Forest. 3. D

Of quite a classical nature, and, although easy, require careful practice, but repay it.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter; as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

